

A
PARAPHRASE
ON THE
FIRST and SECOND CHAPTERS
OF THE
Lamentations
OF
The Prophet
JEREMIAH.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Charles Corbet at the Oxford-Arms in War-
wick-Lane: 1683.

PARAPHRASE

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RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE

43. 30

1900

2000-01-01

THE END

Printed by the Government Printer, Ottawa.

2001 10 13 2001

PARAPHRASE

On the First Chapter

OF THE

Lamentations.

INto what mournful Ruines art thou hurld,
 Thou (once) *Metropolis* of all the World?
 How are thy Foes become Heav'ns angry Rod,
 Tho' City of the living God!
 Now *Desolations* empty Name,
 Thy populous glory does disclaim.
 Those stately Mansions that did once protect
 The noble croud of the Elect.
 In a poor Widdow'd state art left alone,
 Haunted by *Ghosts* that in their tortures groan,
 All fill'd with dreadful *Desolation*.
 From the chief Throne of all Imperial sway,
 Next to the Empire of Eternal Day:
 From all the Glories this vain World could have,
 Thou'rt faln wretched tributary Slave.

The noiseful Days, the pleasant peaceful Nights,
 With all that Love, or Musicks skill incites ;
 Voluptuous Feasts, gay Revels, warm with Wine,
 Must now their Mirth decline.

The Scene is chang'd, Horror appears,
 Past joys dissolve to sighs and tears.

Each Lover is divorc'd by his own grief,
 No Friend to Comfort or Relief.

All the pretence of former Friendship's gon,
 Since Wealth no more will our Condition own ;
 They knew too well we were undone.

Those flattering Slaves for whose false friendship fed,
 And daily did subsist upon our bread,
 Whose lives it was our Charity to save,
 Are now the greatest Enemies we have.

Our Kings are chain'd, while sad affliction drives
 Their Sons in bondage to preserve their lives.

The Faithful to the Infidels are Slaves,
 Bound up in restless living-graves.

New Persecutions on us wait,
 To make a wonder of our Fate.

Sion is drown'd in sorrow, since no more

Her Guests will come within her door :

Her solemn Feasts are now grown desolate ;

No Peers attend, nor Princes dine in state ;

No poor are seen before her gate.

The penfive Priests with their rich Vestments torn,
 O're the forsaken ruin'd Altars mourn.

The pious Maids cannot (for weeping) pray ;
 And all things seem like the last dreadful Day.

The proud tyrannick Foe now leads the Van ;
 The Wrath of God to scourge the Rebel-man,
 With a successful Cruelty goes on
 To drive us to Destruction,
 Our Children are afflicted too,
 Not for their Faults, but what we do,
 Forc'd from the Mothers arms the Infants cry,
 Unpitied by the Enemy.
 Daughters of *Sion*, all your beautie's gone,
 The Ornament of the Imperial Throne,
 Is blasted with affliction.
 The banisht Princes, who were proud before,
 Your valid Name and Beauty to adore:
 No thoughts of Love now, or of Beauty have,
 But strive in pilgrimage to find a grave.

O think no more upon those pleasures past,
 Now Death and Ruine hasten on so fast.
 Was it a comfort when those Angels fell
 From the bright Joys of Heaven to Hell;
 (Within that dreadful Goal of sin)
 To think what they had bin ?
 Past Joys encrease the pains which we endure
 Above the Fancies foolish Cure.
 Painful Remembrance thou canst ne're restore
 The blessings we enjoy'd before.
 No! we must never see them more.
 The faithless Foes possess us as their own,
 Redemption is as dear as Mercy grown.
 While Infidels are made Heav'ns angry Rod,
 That mock our Sabbaths, and blaspheme our God.

Has the High-hand mistook? Has Heav'n for nought,

On our great City this Affliction wrought?

No, 'twas the weighty Rubbish of thy sin,

Proud Empress! thou ly'st buried in.

Heav'n for thy Crimes, this Title gave,

A Vagabond, a wandering slave.

Thy life then *Cain's* more perillous and dark,

Thou hast not Heav'n's protecting mark;

All thy past Honours like thy self are grown

The vulgar Object of Derision.

Pity her self leaves thee alone:

Past Friends thy naked Poverty despise,

Thou'rt grown too mean an Object for their Eyes;

In tattered Troops thy People take their flight;

And sighing dread the *Sun's* discovering light.

Thy Rebel-sin like Leprosie abounds,

Infectious Air the ruin'd Wall surrounds.

Canst thou not think that one day thou must die?

Nor dream of vast Eternity?

The strongest Cities are not free,

From ruinous Mortality.

Mountains by Earthquakes like deep Valleys lie,

And sturdy Oaks by Lightning die:

But thou frail Man made of the weakest Loom,

How poor and feeble is thy state become,

How sure thy dreadful day of Doom

Heav'n from its Mercy-seat may lend an ear,

There's none but Heav'n to pity or to hear;

For the usurping proud tyrannick Fog,

Is deaf to Pity, and to Mercy slow.

The

The Jewels, Gold, the weighty rich Attire,
With all that vain Ambition could desire:

The Foes have seiz'd,
And in their room have sent
Hunger and Banishment.

Curfes and Stripes become our daily Food,

Thus Evil is return'd for Good.

Their wicked Feet prophanely trod

Within the hallowed House of God.

Nor could the Influence of the Sacred Law,

Keep the proud daring Infidels in awe,

Or tempt them to withdraw.

In spite of Heav'n's Command they will rush in;

And if Suspicion tell them 'tis a sin;

They think it bravery, and Vertue too

To sin against that God they never knew.

What sighs and groans possess the troubled Air!

What dreadful sounds of Horror and Despair!

What Discontent in every Face is read!

Paleness and want of Bread.

As if the State of Providence grew poor,

And could assist no more.

All that was gay, was rich and fine,

Must now its valu'd Pomp resign;

And for pale Hunger, a kind Ransom gives:

The Vassal-body must the Soul relieve,

Or else the Body cannot live.

Look down great God with a propitious Eye,

Upon our sins unheard of Misery:

Pity this sordid Frame of living-dust,

We own our Crimes, and thy Revenge is just.

How far from help is mans unhappy state,
When once afflicted by the Frowns of Fate,
Shun'd like a mortal Plague, when we are poor, T

With Lord have mercy on our door,
Adversity, thou unregarded Wretch, thou Thief,

That dost from Pity force Relief,
The Miseries to which we have, T

Do no Comparisons allow,
Times Record can't to Memory reach,

That e're such Ruine did Mankind befall,
Since the great Deluge swallow'd all,

Draw neer ye men unto us, with pity view,
The patient & the needy such affliction knew,

Th'row this World; must I nothing see or know,
But endless Miracles of grief and woe,

The mighty Warriors grovelling for breath,
Lay their rich Targets by, and with for death,

Too well they knew 'twas Heav'n's strong aid,
This mighty Victory had made,

To ruine all concur,
Councils and Act of War,

Where new Religion Conquest does pursue,
All former safety bids adieu,

The beauteous Youths are tortur'd out of shape,
The trembling Virgins striving to escape,

Are torn and murder'd in a Rape,
Gush out my Eyes, let all thy Streams o're-flow,

Death is a Heav'n, rather will I go,
Since thou'rt depriv'd of all thy Maker gave,

Beg him to send thee weeping to thy grave.

Must I still linger on? Must I still dwell
 In this sad Purgatory shade of Hell?
 O murmur not thou vile impatient dust,
 For he that punishes is just.
 Convicted Rebels must not grudge,
 The Sentence of a righteous Judge;
 Or think the Law should our vain hopes fulfill,
 When Proof declares the Cause was ill.
 I'll suffer on, what e're I'm to receive,
 Shouldst thou this Life unto my Deaths-man give,
 I'de thank, and still believe.
 Yet as I'm flesh and blood, I must complain;
 Words are extorted by excess of pain:
 I mourn and sigh with penitential breath,
 And living find some ease in hopes of death.

Are all those small remainders of delight,
 My Lovers gone? Do they avoid my sight?
 The more I call the farther off they fly,
 I'm old and full of poverty.
 And now to th' heedless World am left behind,
 A World that's naturally unkind;
 Unkind to Strangers nearest Friends,
 To all but its own private ends.
 The pious Priests with empty prayers are fed,
 The reverend Elders sigh and drop down dead,
 In their own Cities begging bread.
 Their Sons who seek their freedom to regain.
 Shun homebred Woes to be in Battel slain.

Thus Death stands double arm'd for each man's doom,
What escapes the Sword, Famine destroys at home.

Our sighs are mockt, our prayers are turn'd to scorn,
The cruel Foes rejoyce to hear us mourn;

Yet our prophetick hope foretels one day
Shall drive these Storms away:

When *Indignation* shall give place

To *Mercie's* milder Face.

And this promiscuous Overflow divide,

By turning back the angry Tyde

To their first Center; *Plagues* shall be confin'd,

And leave no footsteps of their rage behind;

All shall be calm, and Heav'n be kind.

Punish the *Punishers*, reduce their powers,

Let their Condition level be with ours:

And tho' we seem the second fall of man,

Raise us unto our first *Meridian*.

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PARAPHRASE

ON THE

Second Chapter.

THE beauteous Heav'n has withdrawn its Light,
The glorious Sun looks down no more,
With the same Face it did before;
A gloomy darkness checks the Rays
About his sullen Face,
And makes a sad resemblance of Night.
Unhappy Land, that Cloud thou dost espy,
Thro'w the false Optick of the Eye,
Paints out thy sinful misery.
The frowning Heav'ns are angry grown,
A general Ruine is design'd,

On the whole Race of Humane-kind ; (Throne:
From the poor Cripple's Chair , to the gay glittering

Down with the Bulwarks of Defence,
The Palaces with Pinnacles of Gold,
Of true *Mosaick* mould.
The gaudy Silk-worms drag from thence,
Rifle the *Jezabels* of all their pride,
From the smooth Matron, to the thoughtful Bride.
In baneful Dens and Caverns let them dwell.
And if the mercy of the Sword
They shun, Fire is the word,
Of every Palace make a monumental Hell.

Who can resist the terrible Decree,
Of an incensed Deity :
Urg'd by such Crimes as in defiance stand,
Of Heav'n's revenging hand.
When Prayers and Penitence might restore
The Mercies we enjoy'd before;
Or save some portion of a sinful land.
To what ill end the will of man is giv'n,
That does against himself conspire,
That from above will call down fire,
And make a mortal Enemy of Heav'n.

What Desolation will ensue,
If Heav'n's protection bids adieu,

What

What can our Prayers or Sacrifices do
 Our Temples and our Altars are in vain;
 If the Almighty power disdain;
 If he despise
 The Oblation of an humble Sacrifice
 Expos'd to every vulgar scorn;
 Depriv'd the benefit of prayer,
 Curs'd into ruine and despair;
 Reproach to man, of just Heav'n forlorn.

Alas! Remorse comes now too late;
 The active Angel all the Waste about,
 Has our Destruction-measure out:
 And Wrath against Repentance shut the Gate.
 The Earth with a prophetick fear does quake,
 The strong Foundations seem to shake.
 The brazen Gates in heaps of Rubbish lie,
 With Capitals of broken Pillars by.
 Here lies rich Carv'd Work, there an Antick Roof,
 Hangs in destructive Geometry above.
 Thro'gh whose slight Labyrinths Snakes and Lizards creep,
 In Princes Chambers the Night Ravens sleep.

Such a Destruction does pursue
 The Princes your Inhabitants of old,
 That deckt you up in Ornaments of Gold,
 And all your flourishing State of Beauty knew,
 Alas! they are ruin'd too.

Dragg'd

Dragg'd by the Pagan Foe, in Fetters bound,
 Sit fighting on the barren ground.
 To Mercy, Law, and Justice they complain,
 Their Cries are heard in vain:
 No hopes of mercy will their Foes afford,
 The Laws are quite abolisht by the Sword.

No Revelations now, or Visions more.
 Only our present misery we know,
 The Divine Oracles have given o're
 Their Correspondence here below:
 A pensive horrou, and amazing fear,
 O're all the troubled Land appear.
 A mournful silence sits on every Tongue;
 Grief on the Old, and fear upon the Young;
 Sackcloth and Ashes on their Heads they wear,
 To add more weight unto the Grievs they bear.

By constant weeping all my Tears are spent,
 The Fountain will afford no more;
 My heart is wounded, and my bowels rent,
 The Earth is glutted with my goar.
 What Miracles does my Relief deny?
 Life I abhor, and yet I cannot die.
 Happy the Infant whom kind Chance does save,
 From living to his grave;
 That makes in his kind Mothers Womb,
 At once his Cradle and his Tomb:

Never design'd this work to know,
Nor that curs'd gift of Life we undergo.

The harmless Infants daily do partake
Of our too knowing sins the pain;
Alas ! they suffer for our sake,
Original sin still keeps the stain:
In vain their tender Cries call for relief,
The Mothers Milk is dry'd up by her grief,
And nought but tears remain;
Which like refreshing drops of Rain;
The Innocents with thirst and hunder seek,
Pressing their mouths upon the Mothers Cheek;
Then faint and out of breath,
Resign their tender Souls to peaceful Death.

The bigger sort, whom wretched life affords
Time to express their misery in words;
Of their own Parents beg for bread;
An Alms that ne're refus'd before,
The lazy Beggar at the door,
The troubled Father turns away his head,
To hear the sad and helpless cry,
yet Dares not (what he cannot give) deny.
The beauteous Forms a meager paleness seize,
Hunger their pain, and Famine their disease.
With starv'd dry bodies all the streets are spread,
The Grave denies the lodging of the Dead.

Daughter

Daughter of *Sion*!

Not all the works of Fate,
Wrought by an angry Deity;
Nor Story can from first of Time relate,
Such dire example of thy misery.
The happy or unhappy are not known,
But by comparison.
And as we good and evil weigh,
We find the difference in some strong alloy:
Some hopes of comfort yet might be,
Could that be found in thee.
Thy dangers are superlatively ill,
Beyond kind Natures search, or Reasons skill.

The cruel Strangers that pass by,
Make sports and jests upon our misery,
Where is that famous City now? the Crown
Of Empire, the whole Worlds Renown?
Your Habitations we do much adore; (Floor.
The Heav'ns your Roof, the embroidered Earth your
If you great Honours will allow,
The favour that we may behold,
Your Palaces adorn'd with Gold;
With thankful pleasure we shall humbly bow,
For we have heard your mighty Fame of old.

Thus in a scurrillous inhumane pride,

They

They glory in the witness of our doom,
 And Curse, and with moreills to come,
 If more could man betide.
 But 'tis enough, and what can we fear more,
 If Heaven has given us o're.
 'Tis the great Power's Will to punish thus
 A wretched sinful Land,
 And put his Sword of Justice in their hand,
 They hate him ten times more than they do us.

Great God ! in this extremity of need,
 Let our last prayers acceptance find :
 Thy Mercy for thy Justice does exceed
 Afflictions humble and reform the mind.
 Let mournful Penitence thy mercy move,
 Let streams of Tears regain thy love.
 Let prayers and hourly watchings ne'r depart,
 Nor Sorrows from a broken contrite heart.
 Till thou redeem our Friends, our Children, Wives,
 Those Comforts dearer to us than our lives.

Look down, great God ! with compassion view,
 What raging Famine does compel us to ;
 Must the young Off-spring thou hast sent,
 Be buried in a living Monument ?
 The Mother whose indulgent Brest,
 Us'd to afford both Food and gentle rest :
 Now makes a Prey of what she fed before ;
 She eats the tender and abortive Food,

Between her Jaws, the gristles, brains, and goar,
She grinds and gluts her self with her own Infants blood.

The Priest before the Sacred Altar lies
To humane rage a bloody Sacrifice.

The Prophet lies i'th' Sanctuary dead;
Bathing in his own blood his hoary head :
Promiscuous slaughters all the City round,
Lie scatterd on the ground.

The impartial Sword spares no degree of life,
From the young Virgin to the aged Wife :
Nor the least pity or remorse is shown,
From the first shriek to the last dying groan.

F I N I S .

